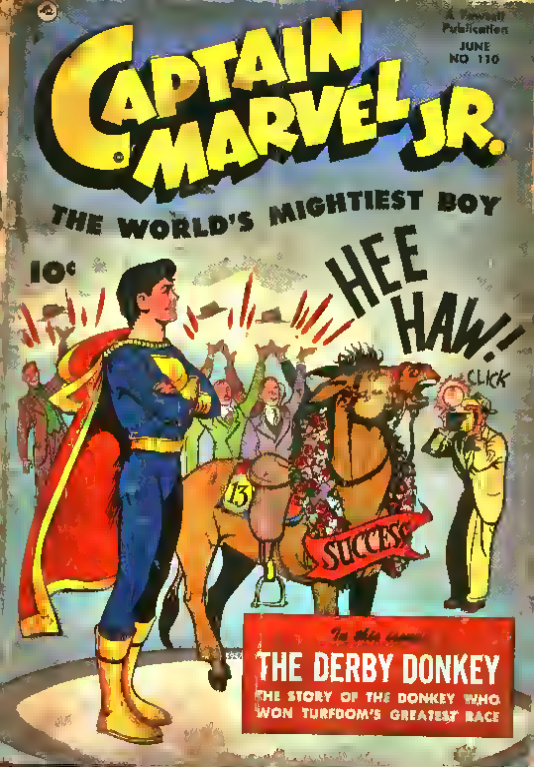
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JUNE
NO 110
CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.
THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST BOY
10¢
HEE HAW!
CLICK
13
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CAPT. MARVEL JR.

WORLD'S MOST UNPOPULAR BOY

?

DEPARTMENT OF WORLD'S MIGHTIEST BOY

Johnson

Mortell

Wheeler

Evans

Franklin

HEH! HEH!

BOOOO!

CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. IS A WEAKLING

CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. IS DESERVED

SHAZAM JR'S UNPOPULARITY IS STRICTLY

PHOOEY ON YOU, SHAZAM JR!

BAH!

EVERYBODY PICKS ON ME. I WISH I COULD MAKE CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. AS UNPOPULAR AS I AM!

CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. WORLD'S MIGHTIEST BOY PROBABLY IS EVERYBODY'S PET TODAY!

CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. June 1952 Vol. 9 No. 100 is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter March 1, 1950 at the post office, Greenwich, Conn. under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price is 25 cents per copy. Subscription rate, 60 cents for 12 issues. Foreign and Canadian rates, 75 cents per issue. Title registered at U. S. Patent Office. Copyright 1952 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Reproduction in whole or in part prohibited by law. Contributors assume all responsibility for the accuracy of their contributions. Manuscripts, art work and photos should be addressed to Circulation Dept., Fawcett Publications, Greenwich, Conn. Foreign and Canadian Rights 31 — In Preparation. Printed in U. S. A. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. A.

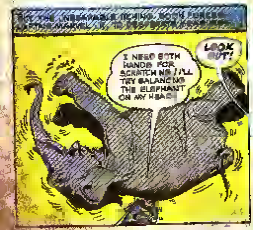
HMMM! I SEE WITHIN THIS MR. PIPE SHOP IS A WONDERFUL IDEA! I'LL PUT CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. SO HIS BEST FRIEND WON'T EVEN TALK TO HIM!
CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.
NOBLE, BRIGHTEST, BRAVE, PERSONIFIES CHARITY AT ONE WAY

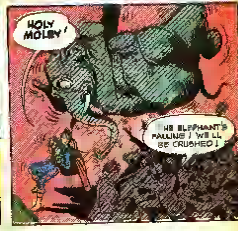
HOORAY! YAHOO!
MUNICIPAL ZOO
ISN'T HE AMAZING?

HEH-HEH! THIS ITCHING POWDER WILL BLOW ALL OVER CAPTAIN MARVEL JR!

THE ITCHING POWDER BEGINS TO WORK...
HOLY MOLEY! I HAVE JUST GOT TO SCRATCH MYSELF! I CAN'T STAND IT!
HEH, HEH.

I'LL HAVE TO HOLD UP THE ELEPHANT WITH ONE HAND WHILE I... AHHHH! THAT FEELS BETTER!
SCRATCH SCRATCH


I NEED BOTH HANDS FOR SCRATCHING! I'LL TRY BALANCING THE ELEPHANT ON MY HEAD!
LOOK OUT!


HOLY MOLEY!
THE ELEPHANT'S FALLING! I'LL BE CRUSHED!

HEH-HEHHEH! A PERFECT SHOT! I DON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE GETTING THIS BY TO ALL THE NEWSPAPERS!
I'M SORRY, FELLAS! I DIDN'T MEAN TO FRIGHTEN YOU!
THE NEWSPAPER GIVES CAPTAIN MARVEL JR'S TO BEAMS! BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
IT IS PECULIAR---CAPTAIN MARVEL JR'S BURSTON ATTACK OR UNBEARABLE TICKLE! AND THEN THIS SNAPS IT IN THE NEWSPAPER! I CAN SOMEONE HAVE PLANNED THIS?
SHORTLY AFTERWARD AT FRIDAY FREEMAN'S NEWS-STAND...
TAKE THIS LOLLIPOP CHILD, IT'S DELICIOUS! HEH-HEHHEH!
THAT VOICE! IT'S BRAIN JR! CAPTAIN MARVEL!
WHEN SOMEONE FRIDAY FREEMAN PICKED THE WAND OF THE CHILD HAD DISAPPEARED! SYMBOLIC LIGHTNING FLASHED ACROSS THE SKY AND THE CHILD WAS GONE! CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.!
BOOM!
DONT TOUCH THAT LOLLIPOP! IT MAY BE POISONED!
?
HMMM! THAT'S QUEER! IT TASTES FINE!
WAHHHHH! YOU STOLE MY LOLLIPOP!

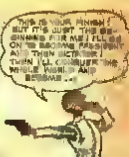
I HAD THE MOVIE CAMERA PLANTED IN POSITION TO PHOTOGRAPH THE WHOLE SCENE! WAIT UNTIL PEOPLE HEAR ABOUT THIS!
THE NEXT DAY.....
SAY, FRIENDS TO YOU READ ABOUT CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. STEALING THAT UNSUPPOSEDLY A HELPLESS KID?
CAPTAIN MARVEL JR'S SURE ACTING FUNNY THESE DAYS!
SIVANA JR. AGAINS! THIS WHOLE EPISODE! NOW I KNOW WHY'S BEHIND THESE SENSELESS ATTACKS!
WHAT'S CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. TRYING TO DO---MAKE HIMSELF UNPOPULAR?
BILLY BATES
A NOTE FROM SIVANA JR. SAYS HE'LL VISIT THE HOPEWELL CHARITY HOME TODAY! I KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS.
CAPTAIN MARVEL!
BOOM!
SIVANA JR'S GOING TO PULL ANOTHER OF HIS DISTASTEFUL CRIMES! I'D BETTER HURRY TO STOP HIM!
AT THE HOPEWELL CHARITY HEAD-QUARTERS.
CAUGHT YOU BEHAVING SIVANA JR!
!!UGH!
BOP!
HE WON'T STEAL YOUR CHARITY FUNDS NOW, MISS!
WHY--WHY YOU HEAD-STRONG YOUNG FOOL! THE GENTLEMAN IS GOING TO CONTRIBUTE A LOT OF THIS MONEY TO CHARITY!

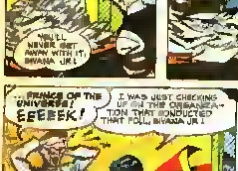
IF THIS IS THE WAY YOU TREAT CHARITY DONORS, I'LL GIVE MY MONEY TO SOMEONE ELSE!
BUT WHY IS HE DOING IT?
BIANA JR. CAN'T JUST BE TRYING TO MAKE ME UNPOPULAR! HE ALWAYS HAS GOOD REASONS FOR HIS OWN
THE CLEVER FIEND! HE STAGED THIS WHOLE THING TO MAKE ME LOOK LIKE THE VILLAIN!
BUT OUR BUS NEED IS TAKING SURVEYS TO FIND OUT WHAT PEOPLE REALLY THINK! WHAT CAN YOU WANT OF ME?
I'LL GIVE YOU THE NEXT PERVERT QUESTION TO ASK! YOU'LL DO WHAT I SAY OR ELSE!
WE TELL YOU WHO SOME ARE THINK NOTHING THEY THINK THEY ARE THINKING
OPINION SURVEYS INC.
Y VESSIE MR. B IANA JR! I'LL NOTIFY MY POLL TAKERS TO ASK ANY QUESTIONS YOU SAY!
OPINION SURVEYS INC.
NOW YOU'RE BEING SENSIBLE!
AHEM! I WANTED THAT CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. HAS GONE CRAZY. WHAT DO YOU THINK OUGHT TO BE DONE WITH HIM?
THAT'S A NICE PARK LADY OF RIFTING IT!
THE TOWN'S TO A FIEND A TRAITOR TO THE COUNTRY
DAILY GAZETTE
CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. SHOWS HIS TRUE SENTIMENTS
E-Z CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HOW COULD EVERYBODY TURN AGAINST ME BECAUSE OF A FEW MOMENTS SPENT BY BIANA JR? IS THERE MORE LITTLE WORTH THEY HAVE IN ME?
GULP! I-I AM BUT THE VERDICT OF THE PEOPLE! I'LL GO VOLUNTARY EXILE—AND I WON'T COME BACK UNTIL THEY ASK ME TO!

HE'S DRIVING FOR GOOD! I'VE WON! HEH! HEH!
DINION SURVEYS INC.
NOW THAT CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. IS OUT OF THE WAY, I CAN GO AHEAD WITH MY INFERNALLY CLEVER PLAN! I AM THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD STOP ME! OH, HA-HA-HEH-HEH-HEH-HEH-HEH!
WHAT IS DANIAN'S DASTARDLY PLOT? I DO NOT KNOW THE PLAN, BUT POWER TO CARRY OUT HIS WICKED PLANS AGAINST MANKIND!
LET US PAUSE OVER THESE QUESTIONS FOR THE PRESENT, AND LOOK IN AT THE VILLAIN MASTERMIND DANIAN IN EXILE!
NOT MUCH TO DO ON THIS TINY ISLAND! I'LL AMUSE MYSELF BY BUILDING A RADIO SET!
THE ASTOUNDING INTELLECT OF CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. ENABLED HIM TO SOLVE PROBLEMS IN RADIO FUNDAMENTALS THAT WOULD BAFFLE ORDINARY MORTALS!
I AM IN A FEW INTERESTING DISCOVERIES AS I PUT THE PARCELS OF RADIO WAVES IN BUILDING THIS SET! BUT THAT'S NOT MY MAIN REASON FOR
I'M JUST STARVED FOR THE SOUND OF ANOTHER HUMAN VOICE!
FLASH! RESULTS OF THE LATEST DANIAN POLL HAVE JUST BEEN RECEIVED! IN NO, FOR THE FIRST TIME, DO THE VOTERS SAY DANIAN SHOULD BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!
WHAT? I DIDN'T BUILDIN IT!
I DIDN'T BLAME YOU FOR NOT BELIEVING IT, FELLA—BUT IT'S TRUE! OVER NIGHT, DANIAN WAS THE BEST-LOVED MAN IN AMERICAN POLITICAL HISTORY! PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY!
SOMETHING'S ROTTEN—AND I DON'T MEAN IN DANIAN! I CAN UNDERSTAND PEOPLE VOTING HIM INTO EXILE, BUT I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND ANYONE VOTING FOR DANIAN JR. TO BECOME PRESIDENT!

HEH-HEH! TELEGRAMS FROM LEADERS ALL OVER THIS COUNTRY! ALL THE PARTIES INCLUDING THE VEGETARIAN PARTY — WANT TO NOMINATE ME FOR PRESIDENT!
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT! SHAZAM JR.!

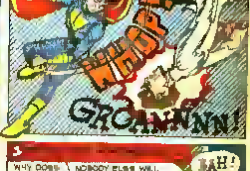
THAT WAS A RAW PIECE YOU CONNECTED WITH YOUR OWN KIND! AGAINST ALL MY EVERYTHING! MY ORGANIZATION HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!
I DON'T NEED YOU ANY MORE!


THIS IS YOUR FINISH! BUT I'M JUST THE BEGINNING FOR ME! I'LL GO ON TO BECOME PRESIDENT AND THEN DICTATOR! THEN I'LL CONQUER THE WHOLE WORLD AND BEYOND...


...PRINCE OF THE UNIVERSE! EEEEEEK!
I WAS JUST CHECKING UP ON THE ORGANIZATION THAT CONDUCTED THAT POLL, SHAZAM JR.!

BUT NOW THAT I'M HERE, I WANT TO EXPRESS MY OPINION ON THIS!
WHOP!
GRONNNN!

LET'S GO TELL THE POLICE ABOUT YOUR PUTTING SHAZAM JR.! IT'S BACK TO REFORM SCHOOL FOR YOU!
ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL BEAUTIFUL MAN GONE TO SHAZAM!


WHY DOES SHAZAM JR. ALWAYS GET A LIFE?
NOBODY ELSE WILL EAT WITH ME! THEY'RE THE MOST UNPOPULAR, WHAT'S NEVER EVER HAD!
BAH!

Judge Smudge

"GOOD MORNING TODAY!"

"IT'S DISGRACEFUL FOR TWO GROWN MEN TO FIGHT. IF YOU HAVE A DISPUTE PERHAPS I CAN SETTLE IT IN A JUDGE."

BAM! SOCK! BIFF!

TSK TSK

"STOP! STOP!"

SOCK! BIFF WHACK WHAM!

OKAY, JUDGE, YOU PROBABLY CAN ANSWER THIS! WE WERE ARGUING ABOUT WHAT A HOLSTEIN IS?

(GASP) WHAT! THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE FIGHTING ABOUT?

THAT'S RIGHT. HE SAID IT WAS ONE THING AND I SAID IT WAS ANOTHER. WHAT IS A HOLSTEIN?

A STUPID QUESTION DESERVES A STUPID ANSWER!

A HOLSTEIN IS TWO HALF STEINS!

ULP!

ADVERTISEMENT

CASE OF THE CROSSED-UP CAR CROOK

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

MY CAR! STOLEN! THIEF!

I'LL RUN TO THE STATE POLICE BARRACKS FOR HELP!

AND I'LL TAKE THE SHORT CUT ON THE DRAWBRIDGE... MAYBE WE CAN HEAD HIM OFF!

P-F

SURE GLAD JIM WISE TELLS US ABOUT "P-F"!

JIM WISE TELLS WHY P-F CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT "P-F" RUBBER WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY IN THE PITCH OF THE NATURAL FOOT... DECREASING FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN, INCREASING ENDURANCE.

2. ENGINE RUBBER CUSHION.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

THANKS, MR. RUNN. THAT WILL STOP THE STOLEN CAR!

THAT WAS MIGHTY FAST ACTION, BOYS!

LUCKY WE WERE WEARING OUR "P-F"s!

THEY HELPED US RUN AT OUR BEST ALL THE WAY

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP ... LESSEN FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN ... INCREASE ENDURANCE ... YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER

P-F

INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY Hood Rubber Company and B.F. Goodrich

CAPTAIN MARVEL, JR.

FALSE-FACE MURDER

By John Martin

RINK MARKHAM gazed at the pink slip he'd found on his desk. His heart sank. Pink slips at the big radio news and photo agency meant only one thing—dismissal!

He read it. The pink slip said:

This will notify you that the Mansfield Agency wants to terminate your employment, effective this Friday.

On the bottom of the slip Charlie Bradwell had signed his name.

Dazed and moving sluggishly, Markham sat down at his desk and considered. It was natural to expect Bradwell to stab him in the back. He'd done that to Markham—and everyone else for the twelve years he'd been with the agency. And Bradwell, for some reason, had picked out Markham as the special target.

Markham had long known why. He knew he was technically a better administrator than Bradwell, knew Bradwell was afraid of him and continually kept him in the background.

Now that Bradwell had back protected by the vice-president, he had struck.

Shuddering Markham realized that the blow could've been worse. Helen was sick. The kids needed new clothes desperately. Buying the horses hadn't helped matters. And Markham knew that once fired by Bradwell he'd have a tough chance of getting another good job in the field. Bradwell he'd a way of blacklisting those he fired.

The man at the next desk opened an envelope and took out a pink slip.

"You get one too, Rorebeck?" Markham asked smiling bitterly.

"Two others got theirs this morning, Markham," Rorebeck said. "Blake and Wyling.

"Bradwell's making a clean sweep," Markham said.

"He's keeping on his own pals," Rorebeck said bitterly gazing with hatred toward the vice-president's door. "He'll be president, sure." Rorebeck glanced at Markham. "I can't figure why they're letting you go—though—Kink. I heard the boss say they were thinking of making you head of the branch office, just two weeks ago."

Markham threw a glance of utter hate at Bradwell, who had just come into the big office. He kept his eyes on him as the vice-president walked swaggeringly across the floor, opened his own office door and disappeared inside.

Then was it, Markham mustered to himself, Bradwell, not content with his own promotion, knowing that Markham was going to be advanced, had squelched it by lying talk.

Rorebeck turned away, immersed in his own troubles.

Markham sat quietly thinking. There was still the possibility that Bradwell could be stopped—permanently. That would involve murder—but with Bradwell out of the way the agency would have to retain him. There was no one else who could take Bradwell's job.

Markham thought quickly. It could be done! He thought he knew how knowing Bradwell's habits. There was only one slip he'd have to take—being discovered. But he remembered, four men including himself, had been hired. Each of them had been benefited by Bradwell, cheated—had plots crushed by Bradwell's cash or influence. His eyes shifted to Rorebeck who was on the sidelines, and would be on it until Friday.

Rorebeck would be blamed, because Bradwell's habit was so work late. Bradwell knew how to make himself valuable to the agency toady up to the board of directors by hanging on the job all the time.

Too bad for Rorebeck Markham said to himself. The man had his own troubles, his own unpaid bills—family sicknesses. But now it was dog eat dog.

At three o'clock he went out on a pretense walked briskly across town to the pawnshop section. He knew a place where no questions would be asked—a small, dirty little shop hid down an alley.

There he purchased a .45.

On the way back, the gun felt good in the overcoat pocket, fully loaded, a small machine of death to retrieve life for himself.

As soon he left for the day, leaving Rore-

look at his desk. Markham knew Kerebeck would leave at eight. As he went out a man from the saloon with pay downstairs came in, bearing a large supper for Bredwell. Markham smiled. Bredwell was probably planning to stay even later than his usual nine o'clock.

Ducking round the corner, Markham had his own supper, sauntered down the now-deserted streets until he reached the alley that allowed a easy access to the building. It was chill to stay to reach the stairs, ascend them slowly to the fifth floor, keeping the exit well down-stairs, he planted himself to watch. Eight o'clock. Kerebeck came out of the office, his face gray and taken called for the elevator, went down.

"Excellent!" Markham whispered. He knew that Kerebeck would have to sign out. The elevator man would chalk up the time he left. The thing now was to kill Bredwell. Kerebeck would be blacked when the body was found, since he had been the last person to leave the Mansfield office.

Waiting for the elevator to let Kerebeck off, Markham stepped softly across the hall and into the office. He breathed a soft sigh of satisfaction. The light in Bredwell's private office was on. There was silence except for some small noises that indicated the vice president might be working.

Markham tiptoed toward the door, hesitated, then locked it. Good.

"Huh?" Charlie Bredwell looked up in surprise from his desk.

Markham came into the office levelled the gun with a malicious grin.

"What are you going to do with that gun, you fool?" Bredwell demanded.

"Kill you" Markham said. Then he told Bredwell why, lingering on all the details.

"Markham you're insane," Bredwell said, finally. "You'll never get away with your revenge." Then his tone softened. Markham, put that gun down and I'll get the president to recall the pink slip. I'll give you salary raise."

Markham shuddered. "You think I'd believe that?" he asked sarcastically. "All you'd have to do then, Bredwell, would be to charge me with attempted murder the morning." His voice turned to a snarl. "No, you lying, cheating swine, you're going to die. And your Kerebeck will take the blame. Every one thinks Kerebeck—now, sh!"

Markham stepped close to Bredwell, turned the gun deep in his ribs and fired. Bredwell jolted round, fell out of his chair, dead.

"That's pretty good, boss!" a metallic voice hissed. "Almost as good as my story. You write it yourself?"

Markham turned down in horror at the door. Office chairs broke the door like target ticket. Obviously Bredwell had been preparing to transmit something new or a message to the branch office just as he came in. The ground rocked under his feet as he frantically snapped down the cutout button. The gun dropped from his nerveless fingers.

THE THOUGHT of Kerebeck, whom he had planned to frame. Only it would be Kerebeck they'd suspect now. It would be blood-red Kick Markham for Bredwell had called him by name several times with the sound of talk. and whoever was at the other end of the listening office line must have heard. He'd asked everything on turning suspicion away from himself. He knew now he could never stand questioning.

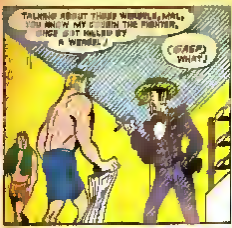
He walked from the office, trembling. He knew the branch office people would be confused for just a while. Then they'd investigate—find Bredwell's body. Tomorrow maybe that night, the police would start on Markham's trail.

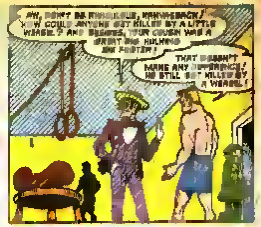
Markham let himself out the back way. He was pale, sweat stained. He knew he didn't have a chance. There was nowhere to escape to. He handed down the street for the police station.

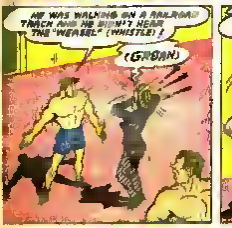
THE END

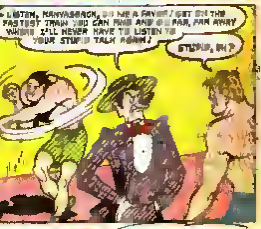
KANVASBACK in TRAIN CRAZY!
WELL, I'M STILL TRAINING IN A SLANT-EYED WAY, MR. ARNEY, I'M LOOKING AT A TRAIN!
(GRRR) THE MINUTE I TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU, KANVASBACK, YOU STOP TRAINING!
DIESEL TRAIN
IS THAT THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO—LOOK AT A PICTURE OF A TRAIN IN A MAGAZINE?
AW, WHY NOT? I LIKE TRAINS!
TRAINS
I GUESS THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE LIKE A TRAIN!
HUH? I'M LIKE A TRAIN?
YEAH—LOCO WITH NO MOTIVE!
TRAIN
NOW STOP STALLING AND GET BACK TO WORK!
LEAVE ME ALONE! I GET A KICK OUT OF LOOKING AT THESE STREAMLINED TRAINS!
YOU'LL GET A KICK IF YOU DON'T GET BACK TO WORK!
(ULP)

ALL RIGHT! BUT I SURE WISH I COULD BE ON ONE OF THOSE STREAMLINED CHOO-CHOOS!
DIESEL
AW, THERE'S NOTHING SO WONDERFUL ABOUT IT! I WORK ON ONE!
YOU DO! GEE, WHAT WAS IT LIKE? TELL ME!
WHAT'S THERE TO TELL? YOU GET ON THE TRAIN—
FOR GOOD THE DIESEL ENGINE AND WHAT YOU DO 180 MILES AN HOUR.
HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? HOW DOES THE DIESEL GO 180 MILES AN HOUR?
I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT A DIESEL! I SAID "DIESEL." THAT'S THE ENGINE!
ENGINE? YOU MEAN—
—LIKE IN THE COWBOY AND "JUNK"S JOKES?
(GRUNT)
(GARR) YOU'LL HAVE RED EYES ON YOUR NOSE AND BLACK EYES IF YOU DON'T STOP ACTING LIKE AN IDIOT
HUH—
—WHO'S ACTING?
(GASP)

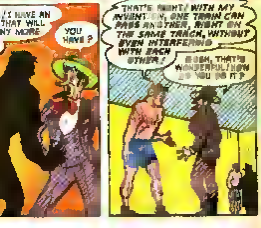

TALKING ABOUT THOSE WEASELS, MAL, YOU KNOW MY OLD BUDDY THE FIGHTER, WHO GOT KILLED BY A WEASEL!
(GASP) WHAT!


AH, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, MANYBEACH! YOU COULD ANYONE GET KILLED BY A LITTLE WEASEL? AND BESIDES, YOUR COUSIN WAS A GREAT BIG HULKING BIG FIGHTER!
THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE! HE STILL GOT KILLED BY A WEASEL!


HE WAS WALKING ON A RAILROAD TRACK AND HE DIDN'T HEAR THE "WEASEL" (WHISTLE)!
(GROAN)


LISTEN, MANYBEACH, DO ME A FAVOR! GET ON THE FASTEST TRAIN YOU CAN FIND AND GO FAR, FAR AWAY WHERE I'LL NEVER HAVE TO LISTEN TO YOUR STUPID TALK AGAIN!
STUPID, EH?

YOU WON'T SAY THAT WHEN YOU HEAR ABOUT MY INVENTION!
HUH? YOU INVENTED SOMETHING?


I SURE DID! I HAVE AN INVENTION THAT WILL PREVENT ANY MORE RAILROAD WRECKS!
YOU HAVE?
THAT'S RIGHT! WITH MY INVENTION, ONE TRAIN CAN PASS ANOTHER, RIGHT ON THE SAME TRACK, WITHOUT EVEN INTERFERING WITH EACH OTHER!
GOSH, THAT'S WONDERFUL! HOW DO YOU DO IT?

WELL, FOR METRICS, THIS IS A RAILROAD TRACK! NOW THERE'S A TRAIN COMING FROM THAT DIRECTION AT THE TWINKING SPEED OF 50 M.L.B. AN HOUR!
NOW THERE'S ANOTHER TRAIN COMING FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION AT THE SAME TRAMENDOUS SPEED! BUT IT, THE TWO TRAINS ARE RUNNING TOWARD EACH OTHER ON THE SAME TRACK!
SOSH!
JUST AS THE TWO TRAINS ARE ABOUT TO SMASH HEADLONG INTO EACH OTHER MY INVENTION GETS TO WORK.
GEE, WHAT DOES IT DO?
I JUST PRESS A LITTLE BUTTON AND THE TRAIN GOES FIFTY FEET UP IN THE AIR AND THE OTHER TRAIN PASSES UNDER IT!
(GASP)
WAIT A SECOND, KANVASBACK! WHAT HAPPENS OF THE TRAIN THAT GOES FIFTY FEET IN THE AIR?
OH—
—MY INVENTION HASN'T ANYTHING TO DO WITH A TRAIN ONCE IT LEAVES THE TRACK!
(GRAAN)
(GRRR) THAT GOES IT FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST TRAIN-CRAZY—NOW I KNOW YOU'RE CRAZY, BUB!
WOSH!

CAPT. MARVEL JR. and THE DERBY DONKEY

GIDDYAP, JASPER. GIDDYAP!

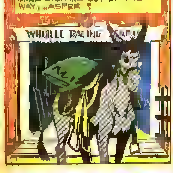
AS THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST BOY, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. IS SUBJECT TO OVERWHELMING, FORMIDABLE OBSTACLES!

BUT NEVER IN HIS CAREER HAS HE FACED A PROBLEM SUCH AS THAT PRESENTED BY LOVABLE JASPER...

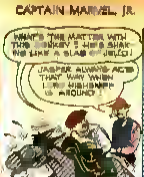
THE DERBY DONKEY!

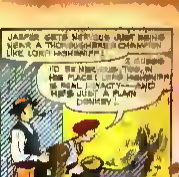
AT THE WHITLEE STABLES, YOU CAN FIND THE FINEST RACING THOROUGHBREDS IN THE WORLD! SLEEK AND HIGH SPIRITED WITH THE BLUEST OF BLOOD IN THEIR ARISTOCRATIC VEINS! THESE NOBLE ANIMALS ARE... HAWK! WHAT'S THAT WILD STEPPING OUT OF THE WAY, JASPER?

WHITLEE RACING STABLE

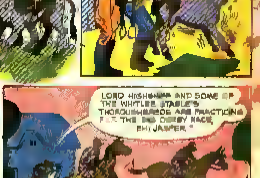


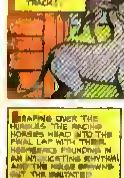
Lord Highnam


WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE JOCKEY? HE'S SHAKING LIKE A SLAB OF JELLO!
JASPER ALWAYS ACTS THAT WAY WHEN LORD HIGHNAM IS AROUND!


JASPER GETS NERVOUS JUST BEING NEAR A THOROUGHBRED CHAMPION LIKE LORD HIGHNAM!!
I'D BE NERVOUS TOO, IN HIS PLACE! LORD HIGHNAM IS REAL IMPACT—AND HERE'S JUST A PLAIN DONKEY!

JASPER'S ONE TRUE FRIEND IS CARFIELD NEWSHOT, BRIDLEY PRESIDENT, WHO SENTIMENTALLY VISITED HIM AT PRACTICE TRACK!
I BROUGHT YOU A CARROT, JASPER!


LORD HIGHNAM AND SOME OF THE WORTLESS STABLE'S THOROUGHBREDS ARE PRACTICING FOR THE BIG DERBY RACE, BY JASPER.

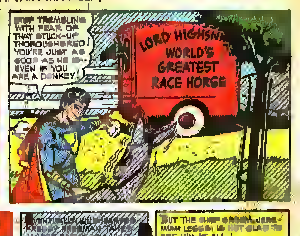

SWEPING OVER THE HURDLES, THE RACING HORSES HEAD INTO THE FINAL LAP WITH THEIR JUGGERNAUT FOUNDING IN AN INFLICTING RHYTHM, AND THE HORSE OWNERS BUT THE UNSTATED BECOME AN A BOLTARY, ANYWHERE—ANYWHERE!
RUMBLE!

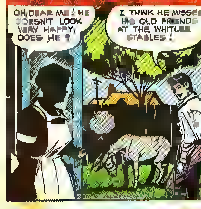
HEE-HAW-HOWW!
JASPER! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

HOLY MOLY! JASPER IS RUNNING WILD!
CAPTAIN MARVEL!!!

BOOM!
WOW! LOOK AT HIM GO!
WHOAAAA!
MAKING OUR HIS COME FROM?
BABY JUMPER! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO—BREAK THE TRACK RECORD?
HE NEARLY DID BREAK THE RECORD! I WAS CLOCKED THIS RACE—AND THAT BUNNY MADE FASTER THAN ANY OF THOSE THOROUGHBREDS!
REALLY?
COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU WERE RUNNING ON THOSE FANCY RACE HORSES, JASPER!
GET THAT LOP-EARED BEAST OUT OF MY SIGHT!
OH-OH! IT'S MR. WHITLEE—THE OWNER OF THE STABLES!
TAKE THAT DOGGONE BUNNY AWAY FROM HERE! AND DON'T BRING HIM BACK—OR I'LL MAKE STEW OUT OF HIM!
BUT, MR. WHITLEE, HE DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM!
HE FRIGHTENED MY THOROUGHBRED RACERS AND NEARLY CAUSED THEM TO BOLT! GET HIM OUT! I SAY!

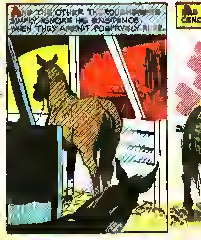
DON'T FEEL BADLY, JASPER! I'LL FIND YOU ANOTHER HOME!
WHITLEE RACING STABLES


STOP THAT BOLINE WITH YOUR OWN THOROUGHBRED! YOU'RE JUST AS GOOD AS HE EVEN IF YOU ARE A DONKEY!
LORD HIGHBINT
WORLD'S GREATEST RACE HORSE


OH, DEAR ME! HE DOESN'T LOOK VERY HAPPY, DOES HE?
I THINK HE MISSES HIS OLD FRIENDS AT THE WHITLEE STABLES!

I'LL BET YOUR OLD FRIENDS WILL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU!
WHITLEE STABLES

BUT THE SAME FRIENDS WHO MADE LIFE SO HARD FOR ME! MAYBE LORD HIGHBINT IS NOT GLAD TO SEE HIM AT ALL!
YOU-THE! THAT'S WHAT THE DONKEY WAS MEANT! DISGRACED ALL OF US HERE AT THE WHITLEE STABLES!


AND YOU, OTHER THOROUGHBREDS, WHO'VE BEEN HIS BOSSES, WHEN THAT ARROGANT, POMPOUS BLIMP...
HIS

AND FOR HIS ROYAL MAGNIFICENCE, LORD HIGHBINT, WELL...
SNORT!

NEVER MIND, JASPER! EVEN IF THEY DIDN'T LIKE YOU, I DO! LORD HIGHBINT THINKS HE'S TERRIFIC BECAUSE HE RUNS FAST! I'LL BET YOU COULD RUN JUST AS FAST, IF YOU WANTED TO!
WITH LANDING

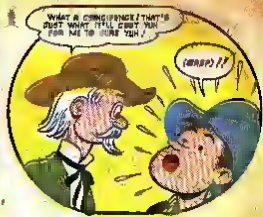
SIR, THEY GIVEN ME A WONDERFUL LINE! I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT JASPER'S CHAMPIONSHIP IN MARVELOT!
GREEPTS! DO I UNDERSTAND YOU, MY BOY? YOU WISH TO ENTER THE GREAT DERBY WITH---- A DONKEY?
IS THERE ANY RULE AGAINST IT, SIR?
WHY... UH... BRRRRRONK! THE GREAT DERBY IS FOR THE FINEST THOROUGHBREDS RUNNING IN THE COUNTRY! YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!
BUT I AM, SIR! THE NAME OF THE DONKEY I'M ENTERING IN THE RACE IS JASPER!
JASPER, INDEED! I WARN YOU, MY BOY, NO LIBERTY WILL CONSENT TO RIDE THIS ANIMAL! REMEMBER, YOU HAVE BETTER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
I'LL FIND A JOCKEY TO RIDE HIM, SIR!
MUD MATTER
CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. TO RIDE DONKEY IN GREAT DERBY
WORTHY MIGHT WELL PASS JOCKEY TESTS
BUT WHY, THE GREAT DERBY, YOU MARVELOT?
EGAD! WHAT A DISGRACE! OUR NOBLE CLASSIC WILL BECOME A LAUGHING STOCK
A MERE DONKEY---- IN OUR THOROUGHBRED, BEAUTIFUL DUE---
THEY'RE OFF!
JASPER, GET MOVING!
HAW! HAW!
LIGHT AT THE FIRST! CAN EVEN MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. GET UP FROM BACK IN THE RACE JUMPING FROM THE LAUGHTER OF THE WHOLE CROWD, TO BE MOVING OUT!
HA, HA, HAW! HO, HO, HO!

WELL, FELLAS, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. FINALLY GOT JASPER INTO MOTION BUT HE'S NEARLY FIFTY LENGTHS BEHIND. HAW HAW
WHIZ
HERE THEY COME! FIRST THE FIELD TURN! LORD HIGHSHINE'S LEADING! JASPER IS NOW THIRTY LENGTHS BEHIND!
LORD HIGHSHINE! STILL LEADING AND JASPER'S RAPIDLY CLOSING ON!! HE'S NOW FIFTH!
JASPER'S SECOND! HE'S TEN LENGTHS BEHIND LORD HIGHSHINE NOW! HE'S FIVE LENGTHS BEHIND. FOUR, THREE!
HOLY MOLEY! JASPER WON'T GO FAST! HE'S STILL AHEAD OF LORD HIGHSHINE!
FWUP
JASPER CAN'T SEE LORD HIGHSHINE NOW!
JASPER WINS!
WHIZ
HEE-HAWW!
HOW MOLEY! I-I-I... I'LL SWEAR, HE'S SWIPED LORD HIGHSHINE'S THE HIGHSLADDER!
JASPER'S GET A GOOD HOME WON IN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS STAKES IN THE COUNTRY! NO ONE LAUGHS AT HIM ANY MORE JUST BECAUSE HE'S A DONKEY! AFTER ALL HE'S AN THE WINNER OF THE GREAT DERBY!
BAW, THERE GOES LORD HIGHSHINE BACK TO HIS STABLES!
I WONDER, HOW JASPER FEELS TO HAVE BEATEN THE GREATEST THOROUGHBRED IN RACING HISTORY!

Doc Quack and Brack
DOC QUACK
GENERAL
THAT HUMBUG SEEMS TO BE A PATIENT WHO'LL PAY A PRETTY GOOD BILL AT LAST
DON'T WORRY, YOUNG FELLER, I'LL HEAL YOU! I'M A DOCTOR!
HE WINK
I DON'T NEED A DOCTOR! I'M NOT SICK!
THEN WHY WERE YOU GETTING ALL DOCTORED OVER AND OVER? WERE YOU IN PAIN?
NO—I WAS COUNTING DOLLAR BILLS!
(GASP)
!!!
BUT, COME TO THINK OF IT, DOC, MAYBE I OUGHT TO LET YOU EXAMINE ME! I'VE GOT PAINS IN MY HEAD AND LEGS FROM RUNNING AROUND THE LIBRARY OF THE INTERIOR WHEN I LIVE!

YUH'S WHY MUST YUH KEEP AROUND THE LOBBY OF THE HOTEL WHERE YOU LIVE?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
--WHEN THE MANAGER IS CHASIN' YUH FOR YOUR RENT A 2nd TIME?
!
SO YOU'RE BROKE! HMMPH, YUH DON'T NEED A DOCTOR! YUH LOOK AS HEALTHY AS A HORSE!
(GRUNT)
GENERAL STORE
I'VE JUST LOTS OF MONEY NOW! I JUST DID IT AS I'M FROM MY BACK UNTILL!
(GASP) LOOK AT THAT VIEW OF MILES! HMMPH, I REMEMBER I MADE THE WORLD BEGINNING A MOMENT AGO!
PARDNER, ON SECOND THOUGHTS YUH REALLY NEED A DOCTOR! WHEN I SAW YUH LAUGHED AS HEALTHY AS A HORSE, I MEANT A SICK HORSE!
(GULP)
YUH MEAN I, I HAVE GERMS?
YUH, YEH, YUH SHORE DO! YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM A MALIGNANT PROTOPLASM OF THE SEPHERAL MORBILITY!
(GULP)
I HAVE?
YES, AND YUH HAVE IT IN THE WORST STAGE! YUH NEED A PHYSIC'S CARE IMMEDIATELY... IF NOT SOONER!
(GULP) I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS SO SICK! WELL, THEN... CAN I BE CURED?

YES, BUT HELL BE VERY EXPENSIVE! ER, HOW MUCH MONEY DO YUH HAVE THUH?
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLUHS!


WHAT A COINCIDENCE! THAT'S JUST WHAT IT'LL COST YUH FOR ME TO CURE YUH!
(GASP)!!

ARE YOU A GOOD DOCTOR?
I SURE AM! WHY, THE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION IS SO GRATEFUL OF ME THEY WILLINGLY GAVE ME A LICENSE TO PRACTICE!

WHAT! THE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION WOULDN'T GIVE YUH A LICENSE TO PRACTICE!
THAT'S RIGHT! AND JUST BECAUSE OF A LITTLE "TECHNICALITY"...

...I DIDN'T GO TO MEDICAL SCHOOL!
(GASP) !!!

YUH'RE NOT A REAL DOCTOR! I'M NOT GOING TO LET YUH TREAT ME!
STOP!

MAYBE I'M NOT A REAL DOCTOR BUT I'M GOING TO TREAT YUH... EVEN IF I HAVE TO HURT YUH!
(GULP)

★ FOR RIDING THAT RIPS ACROSS THE RANGE LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE
WATCH THIS MAN...
★ FOR GUN-TOTING JUSTICE AGAINST VICIOUS OUTLAWRY
WATCH THIS MAN...
★ FOR THE BLAZINGEST WESTERN-ACTION THRILLS OF ALL TIME
DO NOT MISS A SINGLE ISSUE OF
HOPALONG CASSIDY
WESTERN MAGAZINE!

CAPT. MARVEL JR. and THE GIGANTIC BUZZSAW

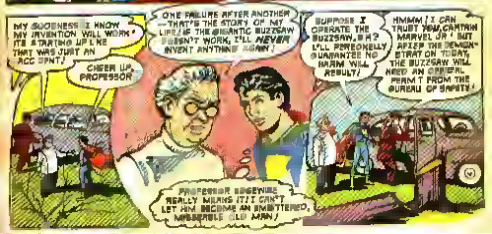
I'VE BEEN READING ABOUT THE NEW BUILDING PROJECT. JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN! THE SALAW CAN'T BRUSH CLEAR WILD THE LAND IN TIME TO COMPLETE HIS CONTRACT!
AND YOU'VE BUILT AN IDEA FROM HE—THE PROFESSOR?
OF COURSE! THIS IS A PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO DEMONSTRATE MY LATEST INVENTION— THE GIGANTIC BUZZSAW!
HMMM IF THE GIGANTIC BUZZSAW IS LIKE PROFESSOR SNOWBIRD'S OTHER INVENTIONS, I'D RATHER BE ON HAND TO SEE THAT NOTHING GOES WRONG!
MR SEWELL, YOU PROMISED THE CITY THAT YOU'D BEGIN THE WORKS IN THREE WEEKS, AND START BUILDING THE HOUSING PROJECT.
I KNOW THAT, BUT BUT THESE ARE THE THICKEST WOODS I EVER SAW WITH THE THICKEST TREES!
MY MEN HAVE BEEN WORKING AS HARD AS THEY CAN TO CUT THEM DOWN! BUT THE AREA I MUST ASK FOR AN EXTENSION OF TIME ON MY CONTRACT
I OBJECT! SEWELL'S HAS ENOUGH TIME ALREADY!
MY NAME'S SAM EVERETT AND I PUT IN A BID FOR THIS PROJECT, TOO! I'M CAN TO DO THE JOB. I DEMAND THAT I BE GIVEN A CHANCE
WELL, I GUESS YOU'RE ENTITLED
WAIT!
BZZZZ
WHAT'S THIS?
I CALL IT THE GIGANTIC BUZZSAW! AND IT WILL SOLVE ALL YOUR PROBLEMS!

MY BUZZSAW OPERATES ON JET PRESSURE, WITH MINIM CONTROLS THAT SHOOT IT AUTOMATICALLY TO THE NEXT TARGET! USING THIS DEVICE, SPITLINGS I CAN CLEAR THE WOODS IN A MATTER OF HOURS!
SOUNDS LIKE IT'S WORTH A TRY, ANYWAY! GO AHEAD!
I OBJECT! AS A CITY OFFICIAL, I MUST NOT PERMIT DANGEROUS EXPERIMENTS!
LET'S WAIT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS, MR. EVERETT!
WITHIN AT INCREDIBLE SPEED, PROFESSOR FITZWHISKER'S GIGANTIC BUZZSAW MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE TREES!
I GUESS THAT'S ENOUGH FOR NOW!
HOW DO YOU LIKE MY INVENTION, MRS. EWELL?
REMARKABLE! MAKE YOUR OWN PRICE, PROFESSOR! I'LL START USING IT IMMEDIATELY!
IS IT POSSIBLE? THE PROFESSOR SOUNDED REALLY HAVE INVENTED SOMETHING WORTH WHILE? I ALWAYS KNEW HE WAS A GENIUS, BUT EVERYTHING HE INVENTS PROVES IMPRACTICAL SOONER OR LATER!
NO ONE'S WATCHING ME! I'VE GOT TO DESTROY THE GIGANTIC BUZZSAW SOMEHOW! AH! THERE'S THE SPOT! SWITCH!
MY HEAVENS! THE GIGANTIC BUZZSAW STARTED BY ITSELF! AND IT'S HEADING TOWARD US!
CAP-TAIN MARVEL!
MEANWHILE, PROFESSOR FITZWHISKER'S GIGANTIC BUZZSAW CHANGES HIS MIND! CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.!
BOOM!

HOLY MOLEY! IT'S CUTTING THROUGH SOLID ROCK! BETTER GET OUT OF HERE, PROFESSOR!
RIPP!
MY BUZZSAW HAS TEETH OF A NEW ALLOY THAT'S HARDER THAN A DIAMOND! IT'LL CUT THROUGH ANYTHING!
IT'S NOT CUTTING THROUGH ME!
ZZZZZ

IN FACT, IT'S BETTER TURN I GIFF BEFORE I WEAR ALL THOSE SAW TEETH DOWN TO THE NUB!
SWAD

THAT'S SEEN ENOUGH! THAT BUZZSAW IS A MENACE! I FORBID YOU TO USE IT, SEWELL!
BUT
HEH-HEH!


MY SUCCESS! I KNOW MY INVENTION WILL WORK! IT'S A TWINKLING LINE THAT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT!
CHEER UP, PROFESSOR
ONE FAILURE AFTER ANOTHER—THAT'S THE STORY OF MY LIFE! IF THE GIGANTIC BUZZSAW DOESN'T WORK, I'LL NEVER INVENT ANYTHING AGAIN!
SUPPOSE I OPERATE THE BUZZSAW, M-M? I'LL PERSONALLY GUARANTEE NO HARM WILL RESULT!
HMMM! I CAN TRUST YOU, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.! BUT AFTER THE DEMON STRAY ON TODAY, THE BUZZSAW WILL NEED AN OKAY FROM THE BUREAU OF SAFETY!
PROFESSOR SNEERING MEANS IT'S CRAZY! LET HIM BECOME AN EMBITTERED, MISERABLE OLD MAN!

WE'LL GETA PERMIT AS SOON AS THE BUREAU OPENS IN THE MORNING! MEANWHILE, WE'LL TAKE THIS BUZZSAW BACK TO MRS. WIGHT'S—WHERE IT'LL BE SAFE!
THANKS TO CAPTAIN MARVEL JR., I'LL FINISH THIS JOB IN TIME AFTER ALL!
BAH! I'M NOT GIVING UP YET! I'LL PICK A WAY TO FIX THAT BUZZSAW FOR GOOD!
THERE'S THE GIGANTIC BUZZSAW! I'LL TIE THIS ROPE SOME THE ACID FOR THE SAWTEETH! THEY'LL RUN IT FOR ANY KIND OF CUTTING WORK!
WHAT? ACID WOULD HAVE ANY EFFECT AT ALL ON THE BUZZSAW! THAT ALLOY REALLY IS HARDER THAN ANY KNOWN SUBSTANCE!
DESPERATE, THE VILLAINOUS GANG PLOTS A NEW AND UNFAILING STRATAGEM!
IF I CAN'T DESTROY SOMETHING ELSE! I'VE SET THE CONTROLS FOR IT SAW AT THE HOUSE! AFTER THIS HORRIBLE ACCIDENT, NO ONE WILL EVER USE IT AGAIN!
MEANWHILE, THE MIGHTY BUZZSAW ROLLS ON UPON MRS. WIGHT'S SURGING HOUSE!
WHAT'S THAT? I COULD SWEAR I HEARD... HOLY MOLEY!
THE GIGANTIC BUZZSAW IS RUNNING! HELP!
CAPTAIN MARVEL!

BOOM!
CLANG!!
KRASH!
HOLY MOLEY!
UH-OH! CAPTAIN MARVEL, JR SAW ME!
SAM EVERETT!
BOP!
GROAN!
HOLY MOLEY!
WHAT'S THAT?
ZZZZZZ
HE'S A HAPPY MAN!
SQUAWKKK!

WE'RE LOST IN THIS CAVE!!
I'M SCARED!
HOW WILL PUP EVER FIND US?!
PUP KNOWS THE WAY OUT—
—BUT PUP ISN'T HERE!
WAIT!

POP!
THAT BIG BUBBLE BUBBLE EXPLOSION DID THE TRICK!
MY HERO!
BUBBLE BUBBLE SAVES THE DAY!

BLOWS BIGGER BUBBLES EVERY TIME!
LONG-LASTING, EXTRA GOOD FLAVOR!
FUNNIES, FORTUNES AND FACTS, TOO!
BUBBLE BUBBLE GUM
FRANK H. FOSTER CORP.

RUBBERNOSE RANDOLPH

HIGH TYPE POETRY !!!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY POETRY, RUBBERNOSE?
HMMM!

I FINISHED READING THEM! HERE THEY ARE!
MY FRIENDS TELL ME MY POETRY REACHES GREAT HEIGHTS! DO YOU AGREE?

YES, I AGREE! YOUR POETRY DOES REACH GREAT HEIGHTS...
...IT SMELLS TO HIGH HEAVENS!
—BLIPP!

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